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MISCELLANEOUS.

AN INVOLUNTARY CRIME.

Being a true and touching story translated from the French for the Portland Orion.

After having practised medicine for a long time in the hospitals and cloisters, Mr. De Lassone was called to the court of Louis XVI. at first as physician to the two queens, and afterwards to the king. His superiority over the rest of the brethren, had just caused him to be appointed regent physician of the faculty of Paris, when an extraordinary event snatched him from his glory and his labors.

Mr De Lassone was giving a course of anatomical lectures, and his numerous pupils, by his orders, had placed upon the tables of the lecture room, the bodies which were to be used in his demonstrations, when, the hour at which he had been accustomed to meet them having long passed by, some one was sent to inquire if unforeseen business made it necessary to defer the lecture, or whether the class might continue to wait for him. He who had been sent for the celebrated professor, found him in his study in company with two ladies who were in tears. The one was bordering one old age, and the other might be about twenty years of age.

"Alas! sir," said the old lady, "I shall never more see my unfortunate son whom you have not been able to save!"

"I have done, madame, all that man could do; but science has its bounds, and death hath been more powerful than I."

"Be assured, Miss," continued Mr Lassone, addressing himself to the young lady, "be assured that it did not depend upon me to save the life of your lover, and that if I have ever felt the sacredness of my profession, it is at this moment when your griefs pierce my heart, teach me the happiness and the benefactions, which were in store for me, if a less cruel destiny had permitted me to snatch one victim more from the grave."

"My poor Eugene! He was my only child, my only support. Henceforth misery must be my lot."

"I shall die of grief!"

"Young lady, you must have more courage," said Mr Lassone, weeping, "and I think that there remains to you an old father! You, madame, will also be able to bear up with life. I will never allow hunger to disturb your rest. I will take care of your old age. I will procure for you a pleasant and convenient retreat, and you shall yet be able to speak of him."

Then the generous physician enquired for the residence of the unfortunate mother, and with his soul oppressed, set out with the young student, who admired, no less the virtues of his heart than the elevation of his mind.

This scene of grief and mourning had filled Mr Lassone with the deepest dejection, and when he appeared before his class, it was perceived that he was extremely affected.

However, the lecture commenced, and fate would have it that the body of him who had been the subject of so many lamentations, should be found upon the cold stone table of the dissecting room. In this instance, death had taken so singular a shape to stiffen the robust and well constituted limbs, that the professor had promised, the day before, to bestow great care on the examination of so interesting a subject. Consequently a large number was present to witness the examination.

In order thoroughly to investigate the cause of his death, Mr Lassone must first proceed to open the body. When he was about inserting the scalpel into the flesh, an indelible shudder came over him. He stopped for a moment. His imagination imparted life to this inanimate body. He pictured to himself a thousand phantoms. He thought he heard the songs of the nuptial ceremony. He saw the old mother of Eugene weeping for joy and blessing his happy union. He saw the young wife crowned with roses. All was happiness around him.

He was awaked from his reverie, by one of the students, who asked him if he wanted any thing; the dream vanished, and he found himself in the presence of a corpse.

Then, fearing lest his hesitation might be taken for want of confidence in his science, Mr Lassone, having laid down some preliminary principles, ran the point of his instrument along the lower border of the right breast, and immediately the blood gushed forth as pure as could be drawn from the veins of a man in full health.

Suddenly, an almost imperceptible movement agitated the breast of the dead. Mr Lassone, with a bewildered eye, anxiously followed this slight undulation of life. He was terror struck. His knees failed him—he fainted.

Eugene was still alive! A sigh had animated the marble statue.

They hastened to relieve the illustrious professor, and carried to a bed the unfortunate young man, who had resumed life but to struggle with dreadful agony.

An awful delirium seized the physician as soon as he had recovered his senses. He loaded himself with maledictions, and accused himself of barbarity and assassination. "Leave me," said he, "do you not see that there is upon my hands the blood of a man whom I have slain? Do you not see that a corpse is strangling me in its tight embrace, and that a mother is invoking upon me the wrath of heaven?"

These lugubrious images troubled him for six days, after which he recovered his reason.—The first thing Mr Lassone did was to inquire into the situation of the man upon whom he had laid his homicidal hand. His case was far from being encouraging, and the wound which had been made by the scalpel was one of the most dangerous. The physician who had involuntarily committed the double crime of sending to the tomb a man still alive, and of plunging into his bosom a murderous knife, could not resolve to give himself up again to the duties of his honor-

able profession. He called upon Louis XVI., and after having related to him the dreadful episode of the lecture room, expressed in very respectful terms the regret he felt at not being able any longer to employ his talents in the service of his majesty. Notwithstanding all reasoning with himself, he felt, said he, that henceforth it would be impossible for him ever to look upon a patient without a shudder! and he confessed after what had happened to him, he feared he should contract, in spite of himself, such an awkwardness and uncertainty, as might be unsafe for persons who should confide themselves to his hands.

This discourse greatly affected the king, who, on a thousand occasions, had given his physician the most flattering tokens of his esteem and confidence; yet, he did not endeavor to dissuade him from his resolution; for he readily perceived that Mr Lassone was too forcibly struck with the idea of what he called his crime, to ever entirely banish it from his mind.

Besides it was imprudent to press upon him the resumption of his professional duties, as it had been intimated to the king that the delirium, from which he had just recovered, would be very likely to return, and that his practice, notwithstanding his great skill and science, might become fatal to his patients. Louis XVI., therefore, accepted, by his silence, the indirect resignation, that was offered. Mr Lassone quit the duties of his professorship, and the last patient he attended was the unfortunate Eugene.

They were unwilling to send immediately for the mother of the young man, for fear of affording a false joy, that might be closely followed by a cruel deception; and besides, it would be poisoning the rest of her days, to announce to this woman that the son she had so much mourned for, was not dead when he was wrapped in the winding sheet, and that he who had plucked away his life was none other than that humane man who had sworn to extent to her old age the hand of succor.

Meanwhile, Eugene slowly regained his strength, and the first words he uttered were to inquire for his mother and her who was to blend her existence with his. When he was told that the emotions consequent upon seeing them might be injurious to him and render useless the measures that had been taken for his recovery, he became agitated by a painful suspicion. He feared his mother had not survived him, and the grief he felt at this foreboding, was so deep and violent that Mr Lassone resolved to yield to his wishes, using, however, in regard to both parties, all the precaution that prudence might dictate.

The physician then set out for the residence of the poor woman, but learned that a few days before, she had left the capital to return to her own country, which was considerably distant. This circumstance accounted for her not having already become acquainted with what had happened, although the public journals made mention of the whole affair.

He returned to Eugene and explained to him the cause of the delay he had experienced, and having satisfied him that his mother was living, endeavored to persuade him to wait patiently. But the young man conjured him with joined hands to haste immediately and bring her to his arms.—"See," said he, "my strength is returning, and the danger is almost passed. For heaven's sake, in order to console my mother, do not wait until she has sunk under her grief."

In fact, the young man was fast recovering his strength, and therefore, Mr Lassone, after having entrusted him to skillful hands, set out upon the sweet and holy mission with which he was charged. When he had arrived at the place that had been pointed out to him, what was his surprise to behold the mother of his young friend in an excess of joy bordering on delirium!—She fell upon his neck, called him her good angel, her benefactor, and then fell at his feet in transports of gratitude and joy.

The transports were soon explained when the young lady appeared who had but a short time since exclaimed, "I shall die of grief!"

"Good doctor," said she, "I have got the start of you. You will surely not think ill in me to have deprived you of the pleasure of hearing this good news. It required a woman to take requisite precaution for announcing such things.—A woman only could open this subject with such skill as not to kill outright, by excess of joy, her who has been for a long time in the depths of despair."

The poor woman rent her mourning dress—the young girl decked again her head with plumes.

When all three had returned to Paris the young man was entirely out of danger, and after the first bursts of transport were over, they all knelt and returned thanks to Almighty God.

Mr Lassone made his best friend of him whom he had snatched from an untimely death. He could not bear that such a family should suffer the ills of poverty, and therefore divided his wealth with Eugene when he married the young lady who had loved him so much.

Thus the bright torches of hymen were lighted by the glimmering lamp of death.

Faithful to his resolution, Mr Lassone would never resume the labors of his profession. Natural history and chemistry took the place of anatomy.

M. De Lassone died at Paris in 1798, and whilst he lived, whom he called his dear children, his tomb was often crowned with the freshest and most beautiful flowers.

LAW OF HONOR—A duel was some years since fought at Starsbourg between two ladies, one French and the other German, a quarrel about a young miniature painter. The combatants met, pistol in hand and each attended by a female second. The German was furious, and insisted on fighting muzzle to muzzle; but the French woman, regulating her conduct by the advice of her second, stood out for twenty five paces. They fired together and missed. The German then insisted on their approaching, and firing until either fell. The seconds however, now interposed, and declared that the laws of honor were satisfied, took away the pistols, and the affair ended; and without any apology. The fair French woman, before leaving the ground, handsomely professed herself not actuated by any personal hostility; "she had thought it due to her honor to take a shot with the German, but now that the affair was at an end, the lady was welcome to the miniature painter, whom she had forbidden her presence that very

morning." The German was a baroness and the French woman a lady of high rank.—*Court Journal.*

It is but two or three years since a duel was fought at St. Petersburg, between two ladies of high rank. The quarrel grew out of some love affair. The parties fought at five paces, and one of them was killed at the first fire. The survivor was sent to end the rest of her days in a convent.

From the New York Commercial.

"THE MARTYRDOM OF CILLEY."

Notwithstanding the signal failure, thus far, of "the party," to work up the duel in which Cilley fell, into political capital, "the faithful" down East are pursuing the unprofitable game. The body of Mr Cilley having been carried home, a great political funeral was got up for the occasion. Subsequently we find the following resolution by "the democratic republicans of Maine:"

"Voted, That they deem it the imperative duty of the democratic republicans of the State, to erect, as a tribute of respect, a monument to the memory of the late Hon. Jonathan Cilley, for his having fallen a martyr to the cause of democracy and the freedom of speech."

The Connecticut Observer, a sound religious paper, makes the following brief but just commentary upon this resolution:—

What an abuse of language! A duellist a martyr! A martyr to the cause of Democracy, and of freedom of speech! Fighting duels about words spoken in debate, is a singular mode of promoting the cause of democracy and of freedom of speech!—That cause does not need such martyrs.

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis."

What weapons more inappropriate when the cause of popular liberty and free debate is assailed than those of the duellist! And yet those were the weapons which Cilley bore. By the very fact of engaging in a duel, he sanctioned, so far as his example could do it, a practice which violates the most essential of the popular rights, the right to life—and yet he is regarded a martyr to the cause of popular liberty!

The best commentary upon the resolution, however, is contained in the following article from the Portland Courier. We have kept the article by us long enough to allow Mr Reuel Williams to deny the statement, if he can. As he has not done so, we take its truth for granted, and we hope the Portland writer will proceed with his disclosures:—

TO THE HON. REUEL WILLIAMS.—It is a well recognized principle that the representatives of the people are accountable at all times to their constituents for their public acts, and they are always held answerable to reply to communications implicating their character. Much excitement you are aware existed in the public mind relative to the unfortunate conflict which terminated in the death of Mr Cilley. At the time a political party, driven as they now are to desperation and seizing as they do upon every event that can by possibility retrieve a tottering cause, endeavored to instill into the public mind the belief that there was a combination among the Whig party to destroy Mr Cilley. They moved heaven and earth to produce the effect, and probably in some measure succeeded in their most wicked designs. To disabuse the public impression, created by the most unwholy means, and produce right convictions on this subject, in this paper on the 31st of March, I made the following direct charges against you: "that your letter to your son written on the morning of the duel, would furnish abundant proof that you winked at the transaction, that you knew the encounter was to take place, and did not move your finger to check it; that you knew Mr Cilley, in practicing with a rifle, hit in thirteen successive shots within the compass of six inches, and therefore was sure of his man; that Mr Cilley was in fine spirits, had slept sound the night previous; and if he succeeded would elevate him far above any member of Congress from New England."

To these positive allegations you made no reply, nor your friends in your behalf; and as sufficient time has elapsed for this purpose, the public have the right to believe the allegations alleged above as true. We therefore consider it proved beyond a possibility of a doubt, that you wrote such a letter, and we rightly infer that more damning facts against you would be developed if you published this letter. Why not publish it? Might not this letter discover a deep-laid plot by you and your political friends to push Mr Cilley to the fight? Let the people have the letter, and they can then judge. Honestly, you will find before this subject is dropped, is the best policy—a maxim you should be made familiar with, even at this late period of your political life. We now call on you to answer, yes or no—did not you and your political friends hold a meeting at your boarding house, on the evening previous to the duel, and there consult upon the expediency of suffering the duel to progress, and was it not then determined that Mr Cilley was "sure of his man," and as a political movement it would be admirable? If you deny this charge, and publish the letter written by you to your son, which will develop the mysteries, we shall address you again on the subject. Then, if our passion obtain mastery over our judgment, by willful and stubborn silence on your part, and your friends also, you and they may expect some solemn truths. Till then we shall be silent as to the contents of another letter written immediately after the duel by an immediate member of your family.

TRUTH.

MR. GRAVES SPEAKING FOR HIMSELF.—Mr. Graves, last week, in the U. S. House of Representatives, concluded some remarks in reference to the late duel, as follows:—

"I should do injustice to myself were I to conclude without saying that I was not conscious, at the time, that I had invaded the privileges of this House. I thought I was especially careful to preserve them, I find however, that, being connected with a duel, either as principal or second, when a member is principal, technically involves all alike in breach of privilege. Sir, I was involved in the commencement of this unfortunate affair innocently. I never conceived it possible that such consequences would have devolved on

me, when I consented to be the bearer of that ill-fated note, otherwise I should never have taken on myself the task. I am not, and never have been, an advocate of the social and unchristian practice of dueling. I have never to this day, fired a dueling pistol. Nor, until the day when I went to the field, I never took any weapon in my hand in view of a duel. Public opinion is particularly the paramount law of the land; every other law, both human and divine, ceases to be observed; yet, withers and perishes in contact with it. It was this paramount law of this nation and of this House, that forced me, under the penalty of dishonor, to subject myself to this code which impelled me unwillingly in this tragical affair. Upon the heads of this nation, and at the door of this House, rests the blood with which my unfortunate hands have been stained."

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BUTTER. Mr Amasa Stetson, who received of the Penobscot Agricultural Society a premium for the best butter, gives the following method of making it:

The firkin containing about sixty pounds of butter, which is offered for premium, was made in the following manner: From one to two quarts of the first drawn milk were set in pans by itself;—the last drawn from the cows, was set in pans by itself, and after standing about thirty-six hours, the cream was carefully skimmed and put into earthen pots, and churned before there was any sourness in the cream. The butter was then taken from the churn and the butter-milk well and thoroughly worked out, and then six ounces of the best butter-salt, 4 ounces of the best loaf-sugar, and 2 ounces of salt-petre, after being well pulverized and sifted, was thoroughly mixed or worked into the butter; it was then allowed to stand 24 hours, until the cool of the morning; it was then worked into butter. I should have said that 6 ounces of salt, 4 of sugar, and 2 of salt-petre was put into 12 lbs. of the butter, and the same proportion in making the butter.

We have long been in the practice of making butter similar to the above (with the exception of separating the milk) and have had no difficulty in keeping butter perfectly sweet till it was a year or more old. In making good butter, great care should be taken to keep the milk vessels perfectly sweet, the butter should be churned in the cool of the morning, and the butter-milk should be thoroughly worked out. The process of separating the milk is new to us, although it may not be to others. I am satisfied from what experience we have had in the process, that much richer and better butter can be made from the milk last drawn from the cow, than the first—the cream taken from the first drawn milk is a thin tough film with a very little oily matter in it—and when churned, is long in coming, and is white and insipid. Respectfully yours,

AMASA STETSON.

N. B. I forgot to say that in the manufacture of the butter, orange carrots were grated, and the juice extracted, and strained, and one pint of the juice was put into the cream before churning.—This gives color and adds to the richness of the butter. I wish it understood that one pint of juice was put to every twelve pounds of butter.

ANNALS OF INTemperance.—The Boston Courier states the following facts, as derived from an abstract of the returns of the Overseers of the poor in Massachusetts for 1837, presented to the Senate by the Secretary of State:—

"Whole number of Paupers 14,009, of whom 7590, or a little more than half, were made so by Intemperance. Whole amount expended for the support of paupers for the year, \$336,548 96; or about \$21 74 each, which would give the sum of one hundred and sixty five thousand and twenty three dollars, expended in Massachusetts in the poor-house department alone for the maintenance of paupers caused by intemperance." This we believe is a larger sum than is required to defray all the current expenses of this State.—And now we inquire, what benefit is derived by a community from the sale of ardent spirits, sufficient to counterbalance this expense, to say nothing of the incalculable moral evils originating in the source? What can be shown as a fair equivalent, for the broken hearts, destroyed health, domestic misery, ruined fortunes, and numberless other aggravated evils, which the sale of intoxicating drinks gives rise to in a community? Massachusetts and Tennessee, with a spirit of wisdom and foresight worthy of all imitation by their sister States, have determined no longer to be burdened with such enormous taxes and sufferings as intemperance brings in its train. They have nobly taken the lead in prohibiting a traffic which scatters "fire brands, arrows, and death" among the people. Well will it be when the same enlightened spirit shall pervade the halls of legislation of all our States.—*Farmers' Phalanx.*

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—A tragedy of a painful and appalling character, was recently perpetrated in the western part of Alabama. The particulars, as recorded in the Lakeville Express, are somewhat to the following effect:—

"A young lady of great personal attractions, the daughter of a farmer in that neighborhood, had formed an acquaintance with a youth of wild and dissolute habits, and her parents in consequence forbade him the house, and exerted themselves to sever the connection, by providing Miss Julia Maria with a steady, middle-aged husband. The squire having performed the ceremony, 'the happy couple' set off for their home on the borders of the great prairie, and for six months the lady appeared perfectly reconciled to her lot, and exerted herself to love, honor and obey her liege lord. One morning as the farmer was returning home with his rifle and dogs, he met his former rival, who accounted for his sudden appearance by saying that he just returned from New Orleans, where he had made a rare speculation in Texian lands, and that it was his intention to emigrate to his new property, so soon as he had completed some family arrangements. The unsuspicious husband invited his friend to pass a day or two with him, saying, that although he should be obliged to go to Lakeville the next day, the other could amuse himself until his return by shooting prairie hens, or fencing in a patch of corn, whichever he pleased. The other consented, and returned to the house with the hospitable farmer. The next day the young man renewed his intimacy with his former sweetheart, and finally succeeded in exacting a promise that she would, the next morning, run away with him.

The husband, in the meantime, had gone on a tour to the prairies, in search of game, and was not expected to return for several days. He had his misgivings however; and returning late at night, he was a horrified witness of his own dishonor. Without attempting to disturb the guilty pair, he fired his house in three different places, the flames creeping through the upper stories, and encircling the roof of his once happy home. The wretched woman and her paramour were aroused from their adulterous dreams by the flames, and rushed to the windows to save themselves by leaping out, but below stood the infuriated husband with his rifle, and the moment the easement was opened he fired with unerring aim, and they both fell amid the burning ruins.

A PILGRIM.—Among the passengers in the Susquehanna, recently arrived at this port, was Miss Harriet Livermore, who will be recollected by most of our readers as a zealous preacher. This lady about two years since, left Philadelphia to go to Jerusalem. She went, tarrying a short time at London, touched at Gibraltar, Malta and the immediate places, and abode for some time in the Holy City, sitting in the Sepulchre "where the Lord was laid," wandering in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, climbing the Mount of Olives, fording Kedron, lingering in Gethsemane, and journeying round places consecrated to Christian sympathies and biblical reminiscences.

Where David sung and Jeremiah wept. This lone woman, of delicate health, made all this journey without a male protector. She sojourned in a Catholic convent while in Jerusalem, and was kindly entertained. She was, when near the Levant, amidst those dying with the plague, and once in a place agitated by a tremendous earthquake. We have, for our good wishes to the pilgrim, received notary consecrated relic, but a pomegranate taken from the garden of Gethsemane.—*Phil. U. S. Gazette.*

Congressional.

MAY 22.

In the SENATE, a message was received from the President, with certain documents annexed, on the subject of the Cherokees.

It appears from this message, that the Cherokee delegation at Washington have been in negotiation with the Executive, and have submitted a project for a new treaty, upon the following terms, viz:

1. The Cherokees to remove from all their lands east of the Mississippi within two years, and to cede the same to the United States. The removal to be effected by the Cherokees themselves, but the entire expense to be paid by the United States.
2. The Cherokees to receive a patent in perpetuity of the lands ceded to them west of the Mississippi; and to receive as an additional indemnity for the lands ceded by them, the sum of ——— dollars.
3. The Cherokee nation, through their acknowledged chiefs and officers, to have the entire management and control of the funds to be paid under the treaty.
4. The arrangements of the annuity under the treaty of 1819 to be discharged forthwith, and the annuity to be continued for two years longer.
5. During the removal and until it takes place, the United States to protect the Cherokees against encroachments and violence.
6. The United States to pay an additional sum of money in satisfaction of claims for spoliation.

The President, as it appears from his message, has assented to all these terms, with the following qualifications, viz:—1st. That Congress ratify the new arrangement and make the necessary appropriations; 2d. That the States interested in the removal, viz. Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and North Carolina assent to the delay asked, which assent, however, the President undertakes to guarantee; 3d. That the Cherokees who have already removed shall assent to the third article of the proposed treaty; and 4thly. That the sum to be paid under the second article, shall not exceed the sum granted by the treaty of New Echota, viz. five millions of dollars.

The message was listened to with great surprise in all parts of the Senate, and was received by the South Western Senators with great excitement.

King of Alabama denounced the message in strong terms, and complained indignantly that he had not been consulted about the matter. He moved to lay the message on the table.

Webster said the feeling was very prevalent in the country that the Treaty of New Echota was surreptitious, and that great wrong had been done to the Cherokees. His own opinions on the subject were fully expressed when the Treaty was before the Senate. He moved to refer the papers to the Committee on Indian affairs.

Strange of North Carolina denounced the message, and complained that he had not been consulted about it.

Grundy said ditto to Mr Strange.

Lumpkin of Georgia acknowledged that he had been consulted through the whole progress of this affair. However, he was violent against the message as any of the rest, and uttered some terrible threats about the Georgians taking the execution of the treaty into their own hands.

Clay of Alabama complained that he too had not been consulted, and said that all this excitement was got up for political effect.

Webster denied that those who had petitioned the Senate on this subject were influenced by party feelings. There were thousands of worthy men in this country, of all parties, whose consciences were oppressed with a sense that we had done injustice to three people. To satisfy them he proposed to give this subject a due consideration, and see if something could not be done, if not by delay—for there were objections to that—in some other way—to prevent injustice or injury to the Cherokees. He was willing to give them some more money to induce them to remove.

Cuthbert of Georgia attempted to ridicule the idea of paying any attention to the feelings or wishes of people who know nothing about the matter, who were influenced by a hatred of the whites, and a preference of the blacks, and who had butchered off all their own Indians long ago. Calhoun was the only southern member, who in the course of this debate evinced either sense or humanity. He spoke with the discrimination and judgment by which he is always distinguished when his better reason is not disordered by